

The Rockwood Review.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

Oh the sun that shines in the heavens
Is praising God with its light,
And the moon, too, offers dumb
homage
With her beams so silvery bright.

And the stars that glitter and
twinkle,
Give praise with their silent eyes,
And the earth gives praise to Him
daily
By the mists and clouds that rise.

The showers give proof of His
mercy,
And the winds give proof of His
care,
And the storms cry out "He is
mighty,"
And the breeze breathes low as in
prayer.

The mountains praise him in silence,
And sometimes the light on their
snows,
As they lift their pinnacle fingers,
Gives colours, gold, violet and rose.

The wild sea praises Him always,
With its chaunt and its mournful
moan,
Like a chorus of solemn voices,
With a thundering undertone.

The lakes and the flowing rivers,
Sing praises in liquid sounds,

As they lave their shores and their
islands,
And run by their pasture grounds.

The trees in the deep green forest,
Like harps which the wild wind
plays.
They rustle and murmur and
whisper,
And echo their Maker's praise.

And the flowers that bloom by the
wayside,
That cluster around our feet,
They praise Him with dainty colors,
They praise Him with perfumes
sweet.

And the fruits of the earth are
tokens
That tell us the Lord is good,
And the animals tame and harmless,
And the wild ones that range the
wood.

And the sweet little feathered song-
sters,
Sing each in his different notes,
'Tis a praise to the great Creator
That sounds from their silver
throats.

Let the children of men too, praise
Him,
And not with the weakest voice,
But for mercies and blessings un-
numbered
Let Nature and man rejoice.

D. W. K.
